The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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For the Myrtle.

Morn.

All the birds of morn are singing,
Heralding the day:
Each its sweetest offering bringing,
In its own sweet way.

In the east the dawn is breaking;
All the crimson sky
Tells us that the morn is waking,
Whispers, "Day is nigh."

On the tree-tops, golden gleaming,
As a fitting crown,
Lo! the sun has thrown its beaming,
Ere it wakes the town.

Stars the long night have been keeping
Watch with twinkling eyes;
Can it be they now are sleeping
In the sunny skies?

Earth's bright stars are gladly waking:
Flowers smile and nod
In the golden sunlight, making
Bright the emerald sod.

Like the tears of childhood's sadness,
Are the drops of dew:
Quickly turned to smiles of gladness
Kissed by morning's hue.

Earth in beauty, grandly smiling,
Greets the rising sun;
Thus 'mid scenes and sounds beguiling
Is the day begun. *H. H. D.*

To a Drunkard.

Drink! drink! What are you drinking?
But for a moment hold your breath?
But for a moment just be thinking
That you are drinking, drinking *death*.

Take the pledge—it may save you wholly,
Save you from wretchedness and sin,
And from the depths of pain and folly,
Bring you pleasure and peace within.

For the Myrtle.

The Indian Camp.

A GREAT many years ago, when your Aunt Deede was a little girl, and had a brother littler than she, this little brother came out into the garden one morning, where she was picking berries, and said, while his great black eyes were very bright, and very full of mischief, "There's some of the old chief's people way down there in the woods," and he pointed with his right forefinger over beyond the brook, and away across the beautiful green meadow to a large heavy wood.

"The old chief's people!" I exclaimed, and down in the green grass went my basin of berries, and mother waiting in such a hurry to make her pies. Some of the old chief's people! Aren't you afraid?"

"Afraid! What is there to be afraid of?"

"Maybe they'll come here."

"What if they should come here? I wouldn't be afraid of the old chief himself. But you know, the old chief isn't there."

"How did you know?"

"Jimmy White told me, he's been down there."

"Has Jimmy White been down there?"

"Yes, he has, and I'm going down there, too."

"O don't go! Don't go down there, Eddie, with those Indians!"

"Well, now, I guess you don't think I'm afraid of Indians!" and Eddie drew himself up just as tall as he could, and looked as brave as any little boy ever did.

"I wish you wouldn't go down there, Eddie."

Then he put both hands in his pockets, whistled as loud as he could, marched quickly up to me, and said, "I *be* going, and you're going with me."

"I can't go. I don't dare to go. Mother must have the berries, too."

"Now you see here," said Eddie, "you can go. You needn't be afraid if you go with me; and we'll just cut down there so quick that mother never'll miss the berries. I'll help you pick, too, when we get back."

Well, Eddie started off on the run, and you see I was much more to blame than he was, because all the time I felt afraid it was wrong, though I thought my little brother knew better than I did. By the time I had got over the fence, Eddie was half-way across the meadow, and when he looked back and saw me, he was in such a hurry that he could not wait, so he therew up his hat and whistled, and ran on a few steps and then ran back, and all the time he kept calling to me to come quick.

As I was hurrying on after him, laughing as I went, something bounded up into Eddie's arms, and kissed him on the cheek. It was Trip. Trip was a little maltese-colored dog, and he was the household pet. Eddie did not know what to do. It would do for him and me to go and see the Indians, but it never would answer for Trip.

"Like as not," he said, "they would want Trip, and if we would not let them have him, they might — we could not tell about Indians, maybe they were some like their old chief, and if old An-Tone would kill folks, why, they might kill Trip if they could not keep him."

So Eddie put him down, and coaxed him, and talked to him awhile, and then he spoke very severely to him, and sent him back home. He ran up the hill across the meadow, and jumped over the fence, and then Eddie and I took hold of hands and hurried on toward the Indian camp; but what with my slowness and Trip's coming, it was growing to be dinner time, and we could see these queer people, dishing their food out of a great iron kettle that stood on the ground, with the fire dying down to coals around it. They dipped it from the kettle into a large wooden bowl, and put it down on the ground, and all gathered around and ate out of it with great wooden spoons. Eddie said we must not go near them while they were eating, perhaps they would be cross if we did. So we lingered around under the trees, and when they had begun to work again on their baskets, we went slowly up to them.

There were several Indians and squaws; then there were three or four young Indians, and five or six young Indian girls; then there were little children, like Eddie and me; but they vere very shy at first, and did not like us very well. The biggest ones were making baskets; some were preparing the bark of birch trees, peeling off all the outside bark, and making it white and thin, and cutting it in strips, some of which were narrow and some wide; others were fixing little slender willow twigs, to make willow baskets; and some of the young girls were weaving baskets into very pretty shapes out of sweet grasses and embroidering the cover with porcupine quills. After we had stood some minutes looking at them, the oldest one among them, a woman that seemed to be grandmother to them all, and who sat on the ground smoking her "Indian pipe," called to us, and made us understand that she wanted us to come to her. Eddie was not afraiid, and he went right to her, and I went because he did. She showed us her long queer pipe, and her grasses and her splints, and we could talk with her so that she could understand us. She seemed to be very kind, and to wish to make us happy.

Soon one of the Indians came and sat down by us and talked his strange language, and laughed because we did not know what he said; and after awhile the children began to talk to us, and to show us so many things, that we forgot about everything else; and it was so pleasant there, and we were so happy, that supper time had come before we knew it. Then I was frightened and cried, and wanted to go home; and I said it was certainly wicked to make mother so much trouble. She would think we were lost or dead. And so we started to go home, but just then one the girls went to make a fire, to cook something for supper, and it was so different from our making a fire, that Eddie must stop to see it. There was a hole in the ground, and she put an iron kettle in the hole, then she put some water in the kettle, and when she had put something in the water to cook, she turned another kettle over it, and bringing twigs and sticks, stood them end-

ways on the ground, and leaned them in over the kettles, so that when the blaze was kindled, it formed a perfect mound of fire, and it pleased my little brother so much, that he laughed and clapped his hands, and declared that it was the greatest thing he ever saw!

Just then Trip run up between the Indians, and tried to get up into Eddie's arms, but the old grandmother got him, and cuddled him under her blanket, and tried to keep him, and when he came around to Eddie, he gathered him up as quick as he could, and said he guessed we better go home. But the old lady would not give it up so; she got some meat and coaxed Trip to eat it, and the little rogue seemed to be like his young master, and to think it was nice to go down among the Indians.

At last, however, Eddie got him in his arms, and we went out of the camp, but when we went up by the brook the sun was set and it was almost dark.

My little brother was very serious, as we went over the meadow, and when we got to the garden fence we sat down and began to talk. We knew how wrong we had done, and Eddie tried to comfort himself by saying, "I don't think mother's been much frightened, do you? I guess she hasn't looked for us much, do you think she has?"

I knew he wanted me to say that I did not think mother had cared much, but I was so tired, and so sorry for mother, and so troubled with my conscience, that I could not say anything. In a few moments we heard mother asking father if he had found us. He was out by the barn, and had been in the fields looking for us, and he answered that he had not found us, but he thought we would come soon.

We got over the fence and went in. The supper-table looked so nice and white, after the Indian dinner — there were the berry pies, too, and we knew as soon as we saw them, that mother had picked the berries. As soon as mother saw us she called to father, and said, "The children have come," and then she began to take off my bonnet, and to ask what it all meant. Where had we been? What led us away so? Did some one carry us off and send us back? And father came running in like a young boy, and caught us both in his arms, and hugged and kissed us, as though we had both been dead, and just come to life. Then he said, "Now, my boy, tell me all about it."

Father and mother had not heard about the Indians, and Eddie told them how Jimmy White had told him about them; how he had coaxed me to go with him; how slow I was, and how Trip and I hindered him; how strange and pleasant everything was, and how sorry we both were. Mother bustled about getting the supper ready, but I was so tired I could not eat, and I fell asleep on father's lap, while the others were enjoying their supper.

When Eddie came to go to bed, he could not find Trip, but father persuaded him to think that he would come in the morning. In the morning Eddie was up early, but he could not find the dog. He had not slept well, and his dreams were all about Trip and the Indians. He went out into the meadow toward the camp, and called the dog, but no frisky, happy little dog came to greet his young boy-master. So he wandered on, and soon he saw Trip all straightened out on the green grass. He bent down over him and found that he was dead. He lifted him up and brought him into the house. We always thought — Eddie and I — that he had gone back to the camp, and that in trying to keep him the Indians had hurt him, in some way, so badly that he died before he could get home. Jimmy White said that the Indians gave him a dog-button.

We felt very bad about our little friend, and after we had buried him under the currant bushes, father asked us if we thought running away paid very well, and I can tell you little boys, we meant what we said, when we told him that we thought it did not pay at all.

We never wanted to go back to the Indians again, and I believe I never ran away after that.

Aunt Deede.

For the Myrtle.

"Consider the Lilies."

Jesus bids us well consider,
How the sparrows all are fed,
How the grass grows in the meadow
And the lily in its bed.

But he loves the little children,
Makes them a peculiar care,
More than all the birds or flowers,
More than all the earth so fair.

All the summer's flowers are fading,
All the grass will wither too,
But our souls will live forever,
Heaven will our life renew.

A. S. T.

For the Myrtle.

Jennie's Misfortune.

"BERTIE, p'ease 'ift me up to the window to see de organ grinder an' monkey," said little toddling Jennie to her twelve-year-old brother, who was seated in a rocking chair, fixing the string on his new kite.

"I can't, now, Jennie. You mustn't bother me, for I'm very busy."

"But I want to see de monkey dreffully," lisped Jennie again. "I can't get up so high myself. P'ease come, Bertie."

"I told you I *couldn't*, and I *wont*. Jenny, so keep still. You're always wanting something when folks are busy," and Bertie wheeled his chair around and went to work again, so intently that he did not notice that Jennie was trying to climb herself, from a chair to the high window seat.

Pretty soon she exclaimed, "O Bertie, I is 'eal glad, I've got up myself without botherin' you a bit. Come an' see de pretty monkey, Bertie."

But he did not heed or even answer his little sister. He kept at work until he heard a fearful fall and scream. Then his kite dropped from his hands, and his mother came running in from the next room, saying,

"O what's the matter? Is my darling—"

But words failed her when she saw Jennie's golden hair growing wet with blood. In a moment she comprehended the scene. Through the open window she heard the organ pealing its melody, and saw the monkey climbing up a tree, even while she tenderly raised the bruised head and staunched with her handkerchief the blood from the slight gash upon her cheek. But as she gazed at the pale face of the child, who became unconscious, she saw that one little orb was sightless. She had grasped the rosebush at the window and a thorn had penetrated into her open eye.

"O Bertie, Bertie! The sight is gone from *one* eye forever. Couldn't you watch your dear sister a few moments? You promised me you would."

"O mamma," answered Bertie, while the tears streamed down his cheeks and he came close to his mother. "I 's all my fault. Oh! I don't want to see my old ugly kite again."

But he hastened down stairs to send the servant for a physician. He came, but could only bandage the bruised face; he was powerless to return sight to that little eye.

Bertie sat all the rest of that weary day beside Jennie's trundle-bed. What the resolutions were he formed then we can guess, for ever afterwards he was prompt to obey his mother, and at the slightest request of Jennie's was always at her side.

He knew that his disobedience and unkindness was the cause of a great misfortune to Jennie. Pangs of conscience as he grows older and older sometimes almost overwhelm him with remorse, but he has learned the spirit of the Saviour now, and is the most devoted son and brother. He feels that he can never do enough for his mother and sister.

Children, always be obedient, obliging and kind, for you know not what sorrow or misfortune may be prevented by one little act or word of yours.

Lucette.

A GENTLEMAN asked a little girl what it was that made a person feel so when another tickled him.

"I suppose it is the langh creeping over him," was the instant reply.

FRONT bravely the objece of your worst apprehension, and your stoutness will commonly make your fears groundless.

Wild-Flowers.

In the calm und pleasant valley
  Where the violets love to hide;
'Neath the old oak's leafy shadows
  Where they sweep the green hillside;
By the margin of the streamlet
  As it trails across the lea;
On the surface of the woodland pool
  That shines so far to see
Bloom the flowers, the wild wild-flowers,
The darlings of the Hours!

Oh, I love them for their sweetness,
  For each rare and tender grace,
For the sunny joy they shed about
  Each quaint, secluded place;
The wild-rose and the woodbine, —
  Forget-me-not so true, —
The mallows with their glowing tints, —
  The speedwell's eye of blue; —
Oh, the flowers, the wild wild-flowers,
Sweet darlings of the Hours!

In the calm and pleasant valley
  Where the violets love to hide;
'Neath the old oak's leafy shadows
  Where they sweep the green hillside,
They speak to me like voices, —
  Yes, like voices from above, —
And they bid me praise the God that made
  Such bright things for our love; —
Oh, the flowers, the wild wild-flowers,
Sweet darlings of the Hours!

The Oak.

The oak-tree boughs once touched the grass;
  But every year they grew
A little farther from the ground,
  And nearer toward the blue.

So live that you each year may be,
  While time glides swiftly by,
A little farther from the earth,
  And nearer to the sky.

How the River gets to the Sea.

Away up in New York State, near the Hudson River Highlands, lies a chain of little lakes, sleeping in the lap of the hills.

Once upon a time, in this happy valley, a stream was born. Clear and sparkling and pure, it started on its journey to join the river Hudson, and find the broad sea. Through wild mountain passes, over broken rocks, under the cool shade of trees, through lovely valleys, the beautiful stream took its way to the Hudson.

Thus it flowed on for ages, till the great city down below grew large and dusty, and a great cry went up. Little children in dirty alleys, grown men in offices, women in kitchens, and the sick in hospitals, all joined in the cry of "Water — pure water — more water."

So the men who manage the city affairs, cast longing eyes on this lovely river, and straightway they went to work. Workmen were hired, stone quarried out of the rock, tunnels dug, and bridges built.

After five years of work, and twelve millions of dollars spent, there could be seen a splendid stone tunnel, all the way from the crystal river, down by the side of the Hudson. Over the bustling brooks, through towns and villages, over the roadways, down to the suffering city below.

Still the stream ran on to the Hudson, and never dreamed of the glorious work waiting for it. When at last the whole was done, with its ventilating towers every mile, and its immense reservoirs in the dusty city, it was time to stop the journey of the river.

So a dam was built, a few miles from where it joined the Hudson. The water thus prevented from continuing its journey, ran out over the country, and formed a beautiful pond among the hills.

But still it longed to join the sea. And finally it found the opening into the tunnel, eight feet high, and away it rushed. It was dark and lonely at first but the towers let in some light, and any way it couldn't help running down toward the sea. So on it went, through the towns and over ravines, for forty miles before it reached a monstrous stone basin near the city.

Now it seemed rather discouraging about reaching the sea, but by-and-by small doors opened here and there, and the clear water ran out, to find itself in dark pipes under the streets. Every little way were smaller doors, and into every one the waters rushed, till at last the pearly mountain brook burst out at the ends of thousands of little pipes, filling the cups of thirsty babies, boiling the pot for dinner, cleaning the dirty faces, washing the clothes, scrubbing the doors and windows, sprinkling the streets, putting out the fires, springing up in gentlemen's yards into sparkling fountains, and in a thousand ways making itself indispensably useful.

Oh! there were hundreds of things for that busy little stream to do in the dirty city, and well and nobly it did them. As fast as one gallon was used up, another came from the lovely little lakes, through the long tunnel, and so the merry dancing stream was turned into a sober working river.

Still it was on its way to the sea, and the men who provided the Aqueduct and the Reservoir, had arranged another set of pipes to help it on. When the clear water had done its work, washing faces or clothes or streets, and filled itself with the dust it had taken out, it was thrown into sinks and ditches and drains. There it found other pipes, not so clean and sweet as those that coaxed it from its mountain home. But down it went, into the sewers, under the streets again, carrying with it the filth and refuse of a vast city.

And at last it reached the deep sea, changed indeed from the sparkling mountain lakes where it had birth; but who will not honor it, black and foul as it is, for the noble work it has done in the world?

I needn't tell you New York children the name of the river, for you hear it a dozen times a day, but to other young folks I'll say, it is called the Croton river, and that long stone tunnel is the Croton Aqueduct.

What the Croton does for New York, other rivers do for other cities.

Away out in Chicago, we have no mountain stream — for alas! we have no mountains — so we had to coax Lake Michigan up into our houses. — *Christian Union.*

A SCHOOL-MISTRESS was trying to teach a class of four and five-year-olds the names of the days of the week. After practicing them awhile she asked a five-year-old girl,

"What day is this?"

"Washing-day," was the quick reply.

Children's Sunday.

We find our Children's Sunday chronicle growing longer, with many omissions in the list so far given. As we shall never know when we have reached the end, all failures must be generously excused. We are truly glad that there are *so many* parishes and Sunday Schools from Maine to California that we cannot reckon them up!

RHODE ISLAND.

—June 21st was observed in both churches at Providence. At the First church the decorations were very rare, of which we cannot even begin a description. A profusion of delicate white flowers, crosses and other memorials of the departed, banks and pyramids of green, and a wealth of growing plants were the special features. Seven children were received.

—At the Second church the decorations were also very artistic. The morning service was of great interest and included the baptism of sixteen children and three adults. In the evening a floral concert was given. Rev. R. H. Pullman, General Secretary of our church was present and joined in the services of the day.

MASSACHUSETTS.

In most of the following places the celebration was on June 28th, a week later than those already reported.

—Lynn First Society presented twenty-five children for baptism. The church was handsomely decorated and filled to overflowing. In the evening the 41st anniversary of the Sunday School was held. The attendance is 688, with 156 in the infant class. It is the "banner school" of our church. The teacher of the infant class has made nearly three hundred calls the past year, mostly on the poor and needy, with whom her class brings her into sympathy.

—At Peabody, with the baptismal service the pastor preached on the influence of childhood. Concert in the evening. The church was made more beautiful than ever before.

—At Annisquam five children were received. The church was profusely decorated and the service largely choral, in which the children joined. Concert in the evening.

—At Lanesville the hall used for services was beautifully adorned, and all services adapted to the occasion. Concert in the evening, with the rendering of Mrs. Harris's "Coming to Jesus."

—At Marlboro' thirteen children were baptized. The floral tributes were of great beauty. A concert filled the church in the evening.

—At Foxboro' the floral decorations, consisting of growing plants as well as bouquets, were very fine. In the afternoon a large congregation listened to the sermon of the pastor, and in the evening there was a Children's Vesper Service at which time four children were dedicated.

—At North Attleboro' "the church was literally covered with buds and blossoms." Eight children were christened. A sermon on the duty of parents followed.

—At Springfield with a beautifully adorned church, the pastor-elect, Mr. J. L. Seward, preached a sermon to the children; and Rev. J. N. Pardee baptized nine children and twenty adults while thirteen more received the rite of confirmation. A touching incident was the presentation of eight memorial bouquets from the children of the Sunday School to the friends of deceased members. Concert in the evening.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

—At Concord the church was filled with flowers. The children occupied the centre-front seats and furnished all the singing. After a short sermon by the pastor, nine children were dedicated. In the evening a concert with the "Children's Mission" from the *Helper*.

NEW YORK.

—At Potsdam, four children were dedicated. Fourteen children and twenty-one adults have received baptism since March 1st. The church was profusely adorned and singing by the children excellent. The school numbers ninety.

—At Ellisburg the day was kept for the first time. The church was beautifully adorned. The Sunday School was present in a body. The pastor preached a sermon for the occasion, and six children were baptized.

OHIO.

—A friend writes from Akron: "This was a red letter day with our church here, particularly with the children. Our chapel, under the skilful fingers and guided by the exquisite taste of our ladies, assisted by many of the college girls, was 'a thing of beauty.' Wreaths of evergreen, gracefully festooned, hanging baskets, several emblems, besides a wilderness of flowers, rendered it lovely enough for the temple of Flora. Thirty-one children were brought forward, whom Bro. Weaver, in words most fitly chosen, dedicated to the service of the Heavenly Father. Each little one received a tiny bouquet, to preserve as a memento of the occasion. After these beautiful and impressive services followed a short and appropriate sermon. The singing was furnished by the school"

INDIANA.

—June 21st was Children's Sunday at Dayton. The church was splendidly decorated for the occasion. In the morning a sermon to the children was delivered by the pastor, Rev. J. W. Eldridge. One was added to the church, five others baptized. In the evening a concert.

ILLINOIS.

—Murray Chapel, Chicago, was beautifully and tastefully decorated with green leaves and flowers. The alcove back of pulpit was spanned by a large arch bearing the words wrought in oak leaves on a background of white, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," underneath were suspended a large cross of oak leaves and roses. Wreaths and festoons from oak leaves were suspended from nearly every point capable of bearing them. Plants in blossom and bouquets of flowers were scattered about in profusion. The pastor gave a brief opening address appropriate to the occasion, and also preached a short sermon to the children. Five children were dedicated to the Saviour.

—June 7th was celebrated at Aurora, Rev. J. Gorton, pastor. Exercises conducted entirely by the Sunday School, two hundred strong, Dr. Van Liew Superintendent, after which fifteen children were dedicated.

—At Urbana, the 21st was observed, the church handsomely decorated with flowers and evergreens, and enlivened with singing birds. Three children were consecrated, and nine adults joined the church. In the evening the school gave a concert of great interest.

—At Blue Island, twelve children were baptized, June 14th, and the Sunday School gave a concert in the evening.

—At Joliet, the church was tastefully decorated, and Rev. W. A. Start made an address on the significance and use of the service of dedicating children. Concert in the evening.

The Sabbath.

The Jews, and especially the Phartsees, were very strict in their observance of the Sabbath. One of the ten commandments as we know, says, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." And Moses, who found it necessary to make the severest laws to keep his people to the worship of the true God, had added to this commandment the penalty that whoever should do any work on the Sabbath should be put to death. Even one who kindled a fire of sticks on the Sabbath was liable to be stoned.

This law could not be kept in its full rigor; and from time to time there were agreements among the elders of the people about what might be done on the Sabbath. For instance, an animal fallen into a pit, or in other distress, might be relieved. And a "Sabbath-day's journey," shorter than for other days, might be taken when necessary. Of course hunger must be appeased, though all preparation of food must be made beforehand.

It does not appear, therefore, that Jesus and his disciples were violating any Jewish law, when they went through the cornfields on the Sabbath. We may think it strange that they were going *through the fields*, but not when we know that there were no carriage roads in Palestine, no fenced highways, for the good reason that there were no carriages. There were only footpaths and bridle-paths through the fields. The little company were probably in one of these paths, going a "Sabbath-day's journey," perhaps to a synagogue.

Journeying through the wheat-field, (for *corn* here means wheat,) and being hungry, they plucked the wheat-heads, and rubbing forth the fresh grain in their hands satisfied their hunger with it. Why did not the Pharisees complain of their taking what was not theirs, instead of their breaking the Sabbath? Do you know?

Because, according to the law of Moses, it *was* theirs. Turn to Deut. xxiii. 25, and you will read, "When thou comest into the standing corn of thy neighbor then thou mayst pluck the ears with thy hand; but thou shalt not move a sickle into thy neighbor's standing corn." Moses saw that it was right that a man should satisfy his hunger and so preserve his life, wherever food could be found.

The Pharisees therefore could not complain of their plucking the wheat-ears. But eager to accuse them of something, they said, "Behold, why do they do that which is not lawful on the Sabbath day?"

Jesus often answered the Pharisees from their own Scriptures, which they revered so sacredly; that is, the Old Testament. So he did now. He referred them at once to their great King David, and how when he and his soldiers were hungry on the Sabbath, they even went into the Temple and ate the holy shewbread from the table, which was never touched except by the priests. The story is found in the twenty-first chapter of Samuel, and was of course familiar to the Pharisees. If it was right for King David to do that, might not his disciples satisfy their hunger with the ears allowed them from the wheat-field? So the Pharisees were silenced.

It was then that Jesus put forth *his* law for the observance of the Sabbath. "It is lawful to do good on the Sabbath day." Whatever is best for *man* may be done, for the Sabbath was made for his good, not he for the Sabbath. He needs rest one day in seven, therefore he should keep the Sabbath as a day of rest. But he cannot rest if he is in distress through hunger or sickness or the waste of his property. It is therefore right to provide for hunger, to care for the sick, to save property from destruction whether it be "a sheep fallen into a pit," or buildings burning or crops destroying by storm. All that is necessary to be done and cannot be done at any other time may be lawfully done on the Sabbath. In no other way can it be the true day of rest so much needed by man. We should not make an idol even of the Sabbath, and bow ourselves to it in vain worship and superstition. As a matter of mere hours and minutes, one time is not more sacred than another, except as hallowed by long custom.

But why, then, do we attend church on the Sabbath? Why not rest at home, and save *this* labor? Because the soul needs rest as well as the body. And in nothing can the soul so truly find rest as in the worship of God. We may suppose the disciples themselves were on their way to public worship because we read often of their being in the synagogue on the Sabbath day; and on one occasion that Jesus "entered into the synagogue on the Sabbath day *as was his custom*."

While, therefore, we remember his words that "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath," we should remember also his example, and make the best use of those means of *spiritual* rest, which the Sabbath gives us.

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